

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## The Wretched Deceiver.

By R. RAY BAKER.

It seems so good to get away from the cares of social life," murmured Winnie Afton, as the cool breeze of Little Traverse blew across her brow. She was speaking to Leonard Brockwell, who sat on the hotel veranda beside her, striking imaginary flies on the railing with his dainty cane.

Leonard was not dainty. He was more than six feet tall and the muscles of a perfect physique rippled under his Palm Beach suit. He was a good-looking blond young man.

Winnie was the dainty one, being fashionably slim and only five feet three in height. She was a pronounced brunette, and a summer-white frock with a tilted pink hat made her look exquisite.

"Yes, 'tis so," replied Leonard, grinning a yawn and watching a lake steamer loaf into Petoskey harbor. "But do you know what appeals to me most is to get away from driving the everlasting motor cars. I've had so much of it I was glad to leave the cars in the garage and be able to stretch my legs without depending on gasoline."

"You're right," Winnie agreed. "Driving motors was a new one to me."

Poor, pretending Winnie! Her social obligations consisted of an occasional visit to a dancing assembly back in Chicago, when she was not too tired from her activities behind the silk counter. And all the motor she had ever driven was the relic that did service on Aunt Martha's farm in central Ohio, where she spent last year's vacation.

For four years Winnie had saved money, and it would have remained in the bank where it was put if it had not been for the famous Williams.

All Phoebe had to do was to go and get married. A rich man and now when she strutted into the store she left an electric out in front.

That had set Winnie thinking, and she had come to the conclusion the only way to enjoy life was to have all the money one wanted; and it seemed the only way to such an attainment was by means of a matrimonial knot.

Her roommate had agreed, in so far as the latter part of Winnie's philosophy was concerned. "It's a damn lot and lots of times," the chum declared, "and the rich men are hooked the easiest at summer resorts. All you need is enough dough to live in style for a few weeks at one of those places, and the first thing you know some son of the idle rich is proposing to you. It's easy, they say, but for me I'll stick to Jim Wilson even if he is just a truck driver."

That looked good—not the truck driver, but the summer resort idea—so when vacation time came, Winnie drew her seven hundred from the bank, invested a considerable portion of it in clothing and took a steamer for northern Michigan. At Petoskey she took a room in a hotel close to the shore of the bay and began her campaign.

Winnie had the looks and personality to win, and at the start the young men staying at the hotel paid homage to her. One of them, a tall, athletic youth who drew a breath unflavored by cigarette smoke, proposed the second night she was there, but somehow, for all his evident wealth, Winnie could not bring herself to accept. She still retained girlhood ideas in which marriage and love did not fit.

In the first week Winnie had three proposals to her credit and five hundred dollars on the other side of the ledger. She was progressing famously, but she was not satisfied. All the men who had placed themselves in her marriage net were wealthy, no doubt; but there were insipid parasites clinging for life to the riches their more ambitious fathers had accumulated.

Then along came Leonard Brockwell and she fell in love with him. To be sure the wealth that was evident in his dress and bearing attracted her as much as his handsome appearance; but before she had known him twenty-four hours the money question faded into insignificance before the man's wonderful personality.

She feared she would lose him, so she felt obliged to continue the pretense she had begun, which accounted for her reference now and then to her social sphere back home.

On the fourth night the climax came. They walked along the beach in the light of a full moon which turned the blue of the water to burnished silver. They sat in an arbor of trees and there he proposed and she accepted.

The only girl I ever could begin to love," he breathed and she told him similar things; and they were the truth.

But Winnie had a conscience and it began to intrude itself. She tossed all night in bed, unable to reconcile herself to the idea of being won a husband by deception. Here was this man, rich in his own right, asking her to be his wife under the belief she was his social and financial equal. She began to wish he was not rich, that he was a common plodder like herself.

Early in the morning Winnie arose and dressed, her mind made up. She loved Leonard, but she never could accept him under the circumstances. She still had a week of vacation left, and she decided to spend it with Aunt Martha in Ohio.

Before leaving the hotel she penned a note and left it with the clerk.

Irregularity  
Featured In  
Fall ModesBY CORA MOORE  
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—When we think back to the long, stereotyped garments that used to do duty as separate wraps, today's models seem things of amazing joy and beauty and grace, as indeed they are.

The model illustrated is of soft blue bolivia, embroidered down the front with blue worsted, then given an additional fine touch in the bands of beaver that outline the neck and the long, close, tight-wrote sleeves.

Noted the irregularities of this coat—the fur about the neck, edging the collar on one side, hugging the neck on the other, and the skirt of the coat that falls well below the dress skirt in back, as if its maker had carelessly neglected to make it even.

These careless effects are no mistakes. On the contrary, they are important features of the new fall modes.

to town and get that tire left to be vulcanized? That left front one is about ready to blow out."

Winnie welcomed the opportunity, but she smiled bitterly as she recalled her conversation in the north relative to being bored by driving.

She found the garage without trouble, stopped the flivver in front and went into the office, making her wants known to the proprietor who looked as though he had just taken a bath in grease.

"Oh, Mr. Hendrick's tire; sure, I think it's ready," he said, and stuck his head out the door to call:

"Oh, Len, get Mr. Hendrick's tire, and bring it out and put it on for the young lady."

Winnie walked back to the car and stood waiting. Presently a tall, athletic figure appeared hugging the tire. His face so black from mechanical dirt that he would have passed for an Egyptian night.

"Which wheel, miss?" he said, and then stopped and stared, allowing the tire to drop to the road.

Winnie, puzzled by his behavior, studied his countenance in an effort to penetrate the grease and make out what he looked like. Suddenly she recognized him, in spite of the grime.

"Leonard!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible? Why, I thought you did you get my note?"

"I did," he affirmed, "and I had just written one like it to leave for you. I got sick of that business up north and beat it home about the time you did. You see, I am another wretched deceiver. All the money I possess is what I've saved from my wages here, and it isn't much, and the cars I repair are the only ones I have anything to do with. I went resorting just to catch a rich girl, and I—well, I really fell in love; and then I wished and wished you were poor like myself, as I could

"Well," said Winnie, joyfully, "your wish came true, the same as mine did, so now there's nothing to prevent—"

And so to my dining room table came the woman I am most jealous of.

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Many people say they never have "any luck" using sour or buttermilk in cakes and puddings.

If one will remember certain rules or formulas and be accurate in measurements, "luck" will not enter into the use of buttermilk and soda.

Use 1 teaspoonful of soda to a cup of milk. The sourness of the milk, of course, needs to be taken into consideration. In case the milk has stood until very thick, a speck more soda is needed than when the milk is just "turned."

Buttermilk that has been churned over twelve hours will need more soda than freshly made buttermilk. But the amount of soda does not vary more than 1-8 of a teaspoonful.

Soda should always be dissolved before adding it to the cake or pudding. If this is done there will never be lumps of pure undissolved soda found in the food. Use 1 tablespoon of hot water to 1 teaspoonful of soda. Add this to the milk if making biscuits or stir it into cake or griddle cakes the last thing before baking.

Sour milk and soda seem to make a tender, softer dough than

baking powder and sweet milk do. Very often a recipe will require both soda and baking powder. In this event, the amount of soda should be small, merely enough to sweeten the milk. The baking powder is used to give lightness.

During the summer months especially, a housekeeper finds much sour milk in her pantry. Griddle cakes are a bit heavy for breakfast but are nice for luncheon and use up one day's excess of milk. If a few vegetables are at hand, left over from dinner the night before, try adding them to the batter.

Green corn, peas, string beans, cauliflower broken in tiny pieces, all these vegetables may be added to griddle cake batter and a good luncheon dish provided.

A pudding with fruit baked in the dough is quite successful when the sour milk and soda method is employed. There is always an acidity about fruit. The fruit juice and sour milk blend and are neutralized by the soda.

Biscuits and breads made with soda are more easily digested than those made with baking powder. A cook can work off her grouch by beating a cake.

MARY.

and it was close in the kitchen in spite of the electric fan.

"They enjoyed their ride," said myself to myself, but they are not enjoying their dishwashing job one bit. You should worry, Jane! Let me! They brought this on themselves!"

As I cut my last stalk of blossoms, I advised myself thus: "Let them see each other as often as they choose! And do you keep on of the way!"

Properly Cashed.

"Sav, Bill, you didn't know that I was an electrician!" boasted Jack. "I missed my calling."

"How's that?"

"Why, last night, over at Jane's, the electric light fuse burned out. Guess who fixed it? Me—I—myself."

"Hah!"—a final shot from Bill—"You're no electrician—you're an idiot!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

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Bridges  
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Set of  
Teeth

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Examinations free. Bonds and stamps accepted same as cash. Office closed at noon on Saturdays.

The Union Dentists  
Office over McCrory's 5 and 10c Store—Opp. Court House.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

## Mrs. Squirrel's Complaint

After Tinsling, the fairy landlord, had got his clothes let out (because he was getting so fat) he left Maple-Tree Flat, taking Nancy and Nick, the twins, along. He had collected all the rents there anyway, and what was the use of him staying? Particularly when there were more rents to be collected in the Land-Of-Deer-Knows-Where!

"Let me see!" said he, running his finger down his rent list to see who hadn't paid. "Why I declare if I hadn't forgotten all about Scramble Squirrel and his wife, I rented them the top story of Hickory-Tree Dwellings, one of the finest apartments the Fairy Queen owns. I mustn't forget to collect from them."

So that's where they all marched next, to Mr. Scramble Squirrel, the children's Green Shes making it easy for them to get up the tree.

The first thing they saw was Mrs. Squirrel out on a shady branch doing her winter sewing—no, not her spring sewing—who wants



"How do you do, Mrs. Squirrel!" he remarked. "It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

many clothes when the hot summer is coming? She was making red flannel unders for winter.

Mr. Tinsling tipped his hat most gentlemanly. "How do you do, Mrs. Squirrel!" he remarked. "It's a lovely day, isn't it. I don't blame you for not staying in the house. Nothing like fresh air, say I. Air, give me air, fresh air, and plenty of it. Wonderful, beautiful air!"

Mrs. Squirrel drew down the corners of her mouth. "Ah!" she said in disgust. "Don't say air to me. I'm sick of it. It's all right to stay out in the air when you don't have to, but when you have to it's different."

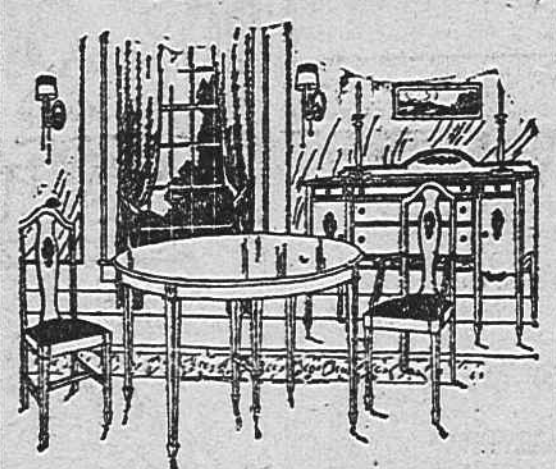
"Why?" asked Nancy curiously, forgetting that it wasn't polite to break into a conversation.

"Because," Mrs. Squirrel informed her. "I can't get into my house at all any more. My husband has eaten so much he takes up all the room, and I have to live outside."

## HOME FURNITURE CO.

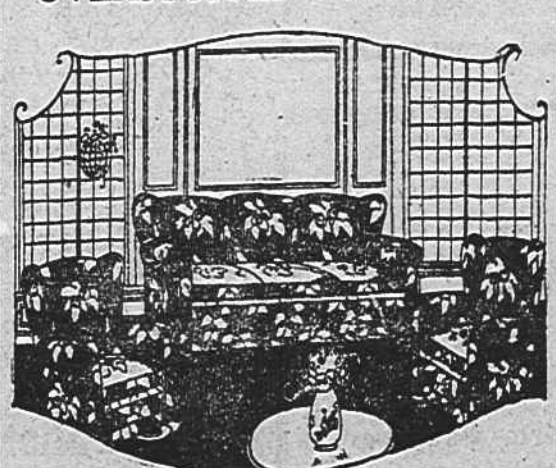
## Correction

The following items appeared in the Friday advertisement of Home Furniture Co., with prices incorrectly quoted. Prices are now shown as was originally intended.

Here's a Dining Room Suite You'll  
Be Proud to Own

10-piece Jacobean Oak or Walnut Dining Room suite that has no peer at the price you can buy it here.

\$490—SEE IT!

Splendid Values in  
OVERSTUFFED FURNITURE

Three-piece suites, exquisitely upholstered in tapestry. Large roomy designs, priced at \$360

## Cultivation Promotes Growth

That is true of everything in trees, grains and plants.

Keep your reserve fund growing, and it will live to support you.

The interest which we add to deposits gives them satisfactory growth.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

## Fairmont Trust Co.

Fairmont, W. Va.

Osgood's Saturday  
Night Sale

6 to 9 o'clock Tonight

The bargains listed below represent the final offering of our Summer stock. Among them are attractions of keen importance to those who practice thrift. The qualities are of course, the customary Osgood's standard.

## 50 WASH FROCKS

Worth up to \$4.95  
\$25-Tonight \$4.95

Exceedingly stylish and worth while models in this group comprising the entire remainder of our Summer stock.

## SUMMER HATS

All Remaining \$1.00  
Models at

Hats from our best known designers included—in fact, this is a sweeping disposal with out regard for former prices

## WASH SKIRTS \$2.95

worth up to \$8.50

Your unrestricted choice of our entire stock, models in gabardine, cotton twill and baronet; "Nevershrink" Skirts included.

55 Georgette Blouses at  
\$3.95

Handsome late models in new colors suitable for Fall and Winter. Values up to \$7.50 in the lot.

## COTTON BLOUSES

Worth up to \$2.50—Tonight

95c

A wonderful bargain in smart, serviceable Wash Blouses; regular Osgood's stock and our usual standard quality.

## WOOL SWEATERS

Specially Offered at

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Popular colors and styles; fashioned of good grade wool yarn. Especially desirable for school girls and misses.

Osgood's  
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Quality

"The Best Place to Shop, After All."

CONFESSIONS  
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920.)

I grew more cold and more sane as I saw Katherine Miller's rooster turn into our drive with my husband at the wheel.

"I picked your poor man up just as he was about to board a street car," I purred the tiger lady.

"That rear tire blew up at last, Jane! You know I've had that tire so long I was fond of it! Ought not to have parked the old dear in the hot sun today. It had a stroke!"

Bob was trying to be funny, but his words only proved that he was nervous. I didn't wonder. Even if he had had to wait, he should have been home two hours earlier. Without commenting upon his explanation, I exclaimed very sweetly:

"Do stay and dine with us, Katherine! Your family will have dinner long ago!"

"Come in, Kath! Stay!" said Bob. The manner of his speech hurt me.

And so to my dining room table came the woman I am most jealous of.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM THOUGHT SANTA CLAUS HAD BEEN THERE.)—BY ALLMAN.

